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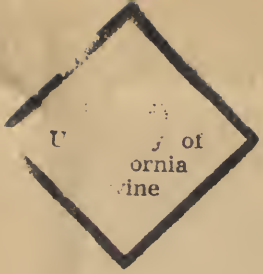
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DER PARODIES

VON

Friederick Scholtz,

BY GEORGE M. WARREN.

INCLUDING "SHAKE SHNYDER'S RIDE," "DOT HEADHEN SCHINEE," "DOT OLD SEDDIN HEN," &c., &c.

A leedle nonsense now und den
Ish youst der ding vor every men;
Dot makes der vimmen laugh und shout,
Und all der shildren semile out lout.

—*Shakesbeer.*

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DER POEMS

VON

FRIEDERICK SCHOLTZ.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beaten like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was stretched to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,

Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

SHAKE SHNYDER'S RIDE.

OT vas een der repellion, avay down sout,
Und der pattle von Vinchester vas youst broke out,
'Tvas a leedle before daylighd, und dere on der grount,
Shkattered about here und dere, vas der troops shleeping sount,
Und der roosders vas growing een der henkoops arount,
Ven all ov a suddenly somedings vas der matter.
Aboud tain tousand cannons all gommenced to klatter,
Und dot shkared all der boys, und dey gommenced to shkatter.

Shake Shnyder vas dere; he vas a raw regruit,
Und so gwick vhen he heard der cannon shoot
He dought it vas better vor heem to shkoot.
So an olt gray hoss stood near by een der vagon track,
Und Shake bicked ub a shtick und hees olt knap-sack,
Und een youst one shoomp he vas on hees back,
Und he shtruck dot old horse a vearful krack,
Und he yelled mit all hees might, "You git,"
Und avay he vent down der road lickerty shplit.

Py Gosh! right avay der olt hoss shtruck hees gait,
Mit hees head und hees tail both shticken out sdraight;
But dot vasnt all, now hold on, you youst vait!
'Tvas youst five o'cluck ven he shdarted dot day,
Und een tain minutes by der vatch Shake vas five milse avay.

Der road vas ruff und covered mit shtone,
But der olt gray hoss kept right on goin.
Ov course, vonce een a vhile he would let out a groan,
Vor dots drue, he vas notting but shkin und bone.
But avay he vent, mitout bridle or saddle,
Und venefer he heard der sound ov der battle,
He vould git up und git, und hees olt hoofs vould rattle,
Vile Shake hung to hees back und made heem shkedaddle.
Und at dwenty minutes past five, by der tick ov der vatch,
Shake vas tain milse avay, By Shiminy Krotch!

Py Grashus! dot vas a vearful ride;
But still Shake didnt vas satisfied.
He vanted to git furder avay vrom dot fighd.
So avay he vent down der roat, flying pell-mell,
Und he hurryed up der hoss, vor he knowed very vell

Vrom der vay dot der rebels vas firing der shell,
Ov he didn't shkedaddle he'd git shot, sure as—— vell,
You know how 'tvas yourseluf, een a case like dot,
Ven der rebels vas chasin you pooty blamed hot,
Und you had to run like a sonovagun, By—— Scott!
Oxpectin aifry minute to git your back full ov shot.
Vell, dot vas der case mit Shake; 'tvas hees only salwation;
So he made dot hoss go like—— all creation,
Und at half-past five by der sun dot day,
Shake Shnyder vas fifdeen milse avay.

Und shdill on dey vent, raisin der dust,
Und aifry time dot a shell vood busht
'Tvas hard to tell vich vas shkared der vurst.
Und Shake vas afraid on anudder account,
Vor he veighed two hunnerd und forty pound,
Und der vay der olt hoss got over der grount,
He dought aifry minute 'twoud come to pass
Dot der olt hoss vould shtop und let heem go to grass.
But he vas meesdaken; avay dey vent down der road,
As if der devel vas afder em boad,
Und at twenty minutes ov six, youst oxactly to a tick,
Shake vas dwenty milse avay—vasnt dot pooty d—darn gwick?

Py Gosh! dot olt hoss vas a buster to travel,
Und dot morning Shake made der olt vellar shkratch gravel;
Und Shnyder kept time ven der hosses feet come up,
Und he'd say, keep-it-up, keep-it-up, keep-it-up, keep-it-up.
Und likewise dot hoss had lots ov backbone—
You could tell dot vas so by der vay Shake vould groan.
But he vas bound to hang on ov it shplit heem in two,
So he hung like der devel—vell, vot else could he do?
Till at last der olt hoss begun to look pale,
Und der sweat run in shtreams off der end of hees tail.
So Shake dought by dese time it must be six, ainyhow,
Und he says to himself, I vas safe enuff now.
So he shtopped and turned round, und what do you shpose?
He give der rebels der pass-word from der end of hees nose;
Und den he laffed at der cussed rebels,
Vor he vas *dventy-five* milse from der drubblesome devils.

So den hurrah for Shake Shnyder, und dree cheers vor dot hoss,

Vor dots no use dalkin, dot olt gray vas boss.
Talk bout Sheridan's nag—vy, between you und me,
Der olt gray vould beat heem five times out ov dree.
So den let us cheer heem dhree times goot und lout;
Already, now, Hu—— vy, vats der metter mit your mout?
Oh, you can aiferyvone laff; dots all very vell,
But of you vas een Shnyder's place, how you vould yell.
Vy, here's Mr. Schmidt on der platform to-night;
He vas a goot soldier ov course, dots all right;
But he got schkart at a rebel een dot wery same fight,
Und he got up und shkedaddled mid all of hees might,
Und een less'n tain minutes he vas glear out of sight.
Vell, ven such men got schkart, you oxpect Shake to keep cool?
Ov you do, you must dink he's a darned olt fool.
Ov course, Shake got schkart, und run avay from dot strife;
But he couldn't do ainy different to safe hees life.
Besides, it vas safer—und vell did he know,
A live Dutchman vas better den a dead hero.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er;
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate,—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men; pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop;—thanks-giving to the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are
waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each
goblet to the brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not; draw forth
each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once
around my board;—
I hear it faintly;—louder yet! What clogs my
heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto
death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and
rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook
the flags on high.
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves!
traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here
alone?

"But I defy him; let him come!" Down rang
the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came
flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce
trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved oaken chair, old
Rudiger sat,—dead!

DER BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

ONE zummer's nighdt, 'boudt dwelf o'glock,
Der down glock youst vas sdruckit,
Ven under a parn an oldt Tom kat
Vas goin' to keeck der pucket.
He'd ketched den dousand rats und mice,
Een bantries on der shelf,
Bud now at lasht hees durn vas combed,
Und dot kat vas ketched himself.

"Dey vhine aroundt me all der vhile,
Und vhisper een mine ear;
Do-nighdt vas your lasht tay, oldt poy—
Krim death vill soon bin here!
Dey comb, und to my wery vace,
Dey dell me now dot I,
Der oldtest Tom kat on der blace,
Dot I, (yu-i-i—pfh—pfh) must die.

"Und vot is death? Led mè see heem vonce!
Und vot ish dis all abowut?
Ov he vants to hafe a fite mit me,
He'd petter look a leedle owut!
I vas a tuff oldt coostomer,
Und he bedder led me be;
Ov he combs, I'll skretch hees eyes e-o-w-u-t—
Vot's der metter mit me?

"Ho! zound der seegnul vrom der parn,
Und zound id lowud und shdrong,

Dell all der Thomas kats to comb,
  Und pring deir vives along.
Hoorey ub so gwick as aifer you ken,
  Und zee how zoon dey'll arrife;
I'fe got a pooty pig shob on hend "—
  Und he hat, you 'baed your life.

Dey brought heem een a dousand rats,
  Und mit an awvul gry
Dey lade 'em at his feedt, und sayed:
  "Now, Tom, how's dot vor high?"
Dot oldt kat shmiled a solemn shmile,
  Und a dear drobbed off hees eye
As he sayed, "Mine vriends, dot mekes me dink
  Ov goot oldt tays gone by-i-i-i-i!"

Youst den der kats begin do comb,
  Dru lane, und vield und vence;
All running to got a goot vront seadt
  Ven der vuneral should gommence.
Dey all rushdt een und gedered roundt
  Der blace vhere oldt Tom set,
Und he sayed, "How vas you anyh-e-o-u-w?
  I didn't vas deadt yet!

"Let aifery kat be villed shuck vull,
  Pour vorth der sheering whine;
Don'd shtand back on my aggound,
  I'm mit you aifery dime!

Vas you all dere, you Thomas kats,
  Und all der vimmin doo?
Den get your beck ub aifery vone,
  Und show vot you ken do!

"Led aifery kat vipe off hees west,
  Und all pull down hees shin,
Ged youst der righd gurve on your shpine,
  Und den, py shinks! peech in.
Vor shoore I don'd ken see foorshdrate;
  Vas you all reaty now?
Go ahedt mit der moosic, aifery vone—
  Led's hafe a foorsht-kless re-o-u-w!"

Der row gommenced, kat fout mit kat,
  Und thumped aginst dot vloor,
Und shkardt der horses eên der parn,
  Und made der kattle roar.
"Ho! Tom kats, who's der reason
  Dot you all vas runned avay?
Ish dot zo, you vas all shkardt owud?
  Vell, py shinks! *I* vill shtay!"

"I don'd vas afrait—youst led heem comb!"
  Und shoore enough, ka whack,
Oldt Death combed, und dot poor oldt kat
  Vas busted een der pack.
Und az he layed dere on der ground,
  Der last vords vot he sayed
Vas: "M-e-o-u-w! pfh? pfh!!"
  Und dot Thomas kat vas dade.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

HOW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!

Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty path behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.

No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

DER GREED OF DER PELLS.

HOW sweet to heer dem Sabbat pells,
Each von its greed in moosic tells,
In dones dot fload way ub above id,
Und now I vill dold you der reeson ov id.
My happy hart vas all svelled ub
Venefer I bring dot soupject ub;
Now I vill poot in seemble rime
Der lengwich ov dem pells ov mine.

"Een deeds of love, excel! excel!"
Shimed oud from ived dowers a pell;
"Dese schoorch vas pilt ubon de send—
Ve ken't dell youst how long 'twill stend.
You act so gweer, you act so gweer,
Vy dond you comb und worship here?
Ve dake your mooney und dreat you vell!"
Ringed out der Episcopahoolian bell.

"Oh svell! ye poorivying vaters svell!"
Een mellow dones ringed oud a bell;
"Ve pilt a schoorch und got in debt,
Und now ve're een an orvul fret;
Comb join, so gwick as aifer you gan,
Yourselv or ainy oder man;
No metter vat his peezness is,
Your mooney is youst so good as his.
Oh svell! ye rising vaters svell!"
Dot vas der glear-doned Baptisteakettle pell.

"Varevell! varevell! pase vorld varevell!"
In sblainded dones ringed oud a pell;
"Vot een der dooce you vas aboud,
Comb haf your hart turned eenside oud;
Dees is der sdrait und narrow vay,
Oh vy ish der reeson you vent asdray?
Oh, my great gootness grashus sakes,
You beoples makes some bad misdakes;
Dot vas no sell! Dot vas no sell!"
Ringed oud der Brassbedearring pell.

"Dees vay, dees vay! dees schoorch vas vree!
Valk in und dook a sead mid me;
Der plack, der vhide, der boor, der rich—
Oh, yaas, dot makes no deafference vich;
Comb altogedder, und go upon high
Like der gamel valks dru der needle's eye,
Vor Gabriel's drumpet vill blow ub der dead,
Und you'll go to der devul—dot's youst vot I
said
Oh dime vill dell! yaas, dime vill dell!"
Dot vas der Unitarrying pell.

"Hoora! hoora! dish ish der house!
Der tex ve screach vas nix-coom-rouse;
Coomb here, coomb here, you should not vait,
Ve like to haf you coomb fooshdrate;
Vile odder schoorches gwarrel und vite,
Ve serf der Lord mit all our mite;

Deir alvays keeking ub a muss,
But you nefer find such dings mit us;
Ead bretzels und drink lager peer,
Dot ish der vay ve vorship heer.
Dot vas der troot, I dell! I dell!"
Ringed oud der goot old Dutchman's pell.

"Our schoorch vas pilt vor all greation,
Durn to der Lord und seek salwation;
Hoory ub before ve shud der gade—
Don'd be so aiferlasding lade,
Vor you may soon be tooken down—
Dey've got der schmall-pox here in town;
Dot mekes no deafference vare you vrom,
Got waccinated before you comb;
Salwation's vree, ve yell! ve yell!"
Dot vas der Methodistric pell.

EXCELSIOR.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eyes, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
The banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

OXCELSIOR.

DER darkness ov der efening shades
Vas youst so bleck as der ace ov sbades,
Ven dru der willage shdreet dere bassed
A yoong men valking pooty fasht,
Und youst vone look behindt he casht—
Oxpressively.

Pooty gwick he shdarted on a drot,
Und some vone sed: "I dell you vot,
I baed you some vone's awvul sick,
Und told heem to got a doketor gwick—
Vor he eckts youst like a loonytick,"—
Oxactly.

Bud dot yoong men he didn't shtop,
He vas running ub dot heel teep-top,
Ven some oldt men he hollered oudt,
"Say, yoong men, vot you vas aboudt?"
Dot yoong men sed, "Shet ub your mout"—
Oxasperatingly.

He vas drubbled a leedle mit dizziness,
Bud he kept righd on 'boudt hees piziness;
He bulled oudt hees bottle to take a nip—
Youst enuff zo hees feedt vouldn't shlip—
Bud he drembled zo mooch he led it rip—
Oxcruciatingly.

Ov coorse dot ding vas ub heel vork,
Bud dot yoong men he didn't shirk,
Und ven a gal cried oudt, "You dunce,
Comb beck und led me kees you vonce!"
He sed, "Dot's ov no consequnce—
Oxcuse me!"

An oldt voman hollered, "You krazy loon,
Comb down vrom dot heel, gwick! righd avay soon!"
Ov you don'd, Py Krashus! I'll dell your mudder!"
Bud dot boy naifer shtopped—somehow or nudder—
He youst so lief go on, und a good deal rudder—
Oxpectantly.

"Dry not to bass—soam helup you'll need;
Led me took your handt und I vill lead!"
A woice cried oudt een solemn done;
Bud dot boy sed, "Vot's der use yer blow'n'!
I'm goin' to dry id all alone—
Oxclusively!"

Hees fadder vould drashed heem ov he'd got a shance,
Und zo vould hees sisders und hees cuzzings und—all handts;

Bud dot poy vas veeling pooty soar,
Vor he vas oop dere dwo, dree milse or more,
Vere he'd hardly aifer binafore—
Oxtraordinarily.

Und naixt morning, ven der sun vas oudt,
Der beople, aifery vone, vas dalking oudt loudt
'Boudt dot poy vot runned zo fasht as he ken
Der efening before, aboudt half-pasht den,
Und dey eshked: "Vot vas der metter mit dot yoong men?"—
Oxhortingly.

Bud ven dey vinked mit vone eye, und took a beek
On der highdt ov dot teep-top moundain beak.
Dey saw sooch a sighd vot made em shook
Mit vrighdt; und dey sed, ven dey gif dot look:
"My Grashus! vot shances dot vellar took—
Oxtremely!"

Ub dere on dot moundain, vot you dink? Holy Schmoker!
Dere vas dot yoong men vroze shtiff as a poker;
Und dere he vas shtanding, aldough he vas dade,
Und vrom hees right hand, vaving ofer hees hade,
Vas a panner, on veech vas dees vord vot it said—
"Oxcelsior!"

Dere vas a moral, mine vriends, in dot yoong
men's motto,
Vich ve shouldt adobt—to be surtinly ve
oughdt to:
Do youst as you please, bud ven you comb to
exbire,
Und bray on your knees to be safed vrom der
vire,
'Dwill be a pooty dight skweeze—ov it ain'd
I'm—misdaken—
Oxceedingly.

Ve moost all bass avay, und's no use to be
shkared;
Bud on dot lasht tay led us all be brepared;
Ov ve aind't, ven dot lasht drump shall zound
o'er der earth,
How een der dooce vould dot look to see us
comb vorth,
Each vone of us yelling vor all he is vorth:
"Oxcelsior?"

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that,
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

VOR ALL DOT.

ISH dot zo, ven a men vas boor,
Und vears a ragged coat aroundt,
Ve don'd speak to heem eny more;
Youst vor der reason on dot aggoundt?
Vor all dot, und all dot;
Ov he vas boor, und all dot,
Under dot regged coadt und het
Dere vas a men vor all dot.

Vot ov a man leeves een a hovel,
Und vears oldt glothes, und all dot,
Und vorks hardt mit a bick und shofel,
Dot men vas a men vor all dot;
Vor all dot, und all dot—
Hees boferty und all dot,
Dot vellar can bick ub mit hees shofel
Und be a men vor all dot.

A men may vear der pest of glothes,
Und hafe hees shdamps, und all dot;
But dot ish notting—aifery vone knows
A good meny vas shkamps vor all dot;
Vor all dot, und all dot;
Deir shdovepipe hats, und all dot;
Ov hees vorth a hunnert tousand pounds
Dot don'd make heem a men vor all dot.

Der reech may leef in brown-shtone fronts,
  Und hafe deir chaises at der door,
Und den expose deir ignorance
  By making faces at der boor;
  But der boor men, vor all dot,
  Ov he's onest, kindt, und all dot,
Should bass 'em by mitout a sigh,
  Vor he's reecher still vor all dot.

Dru all dese life dere'll be a strife
  To keeb ahedt, und all dot;
Bud to aifery vone, een der vorld to comb,
  Dere'll be a shange, I dell you vot!
  Vor all dese, und all dot,
  Our drubbles here, und all dot;
Vot ve've endured vill den be cured,
  Und ve'll be vree vrom all dot.

Ve hope der day's not var avay
  Ven dot vill bin our heppy lot
To dreat each men der besht ve ken,
  Dot vill bin petter, aind't id? Vot?
  Ov coorse id vill, und petter shtill,
  I'll dell you der reason vy: Because
Dees ish der vay ve'll greed, each men ve meed:
  "Wie gehts, mine brudder—how you vas?"

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.

And the next was when I fretted because she
broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't
any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-
same way;
Always somethin' to ar'ge and somethin' sharp
to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple
o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing
along.

And there have been days together—and many
a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and
both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole
of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I
won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has
talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never
agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine
shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to
her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy should never want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the papers, lawyer; and I'll go home
to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all
right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man
I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out
in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to
me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me
back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years
ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled
so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be
laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then
agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think
it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've
quarreled here.

BAITSY AND I ARE OUDT.

DRAW oop dem bapers, lawyer, und make
'em shtrong und lawvul,
My house vas getting oopside oudt, und Baitsy
she vas awvul.
Dot's no use talkin', ve can't agree — sooch
aickshuns I naifer saw;
To tell you der troot, between you und me, she
vas vorse as a mudder-in-law.

Ven I virst got married mit Baitsy, her head vas
pooty lefel;
Bud now you youst ought to see her vonce—
she's shuck vull of der defel.
I've talked mit her togedder, vor two veeks
aifery tay,
Und der furder ve vas togedder der nearer ve
vas avay.

Dot all gommenced aboudt der Pible; I youst
took it down vrom der shelf—
Dot's a ding I naifer look into mooch—you
know how dot vas yourself;
Und I vas a reading 'boudt Daniel, how he
shoomped in der lions' den,
Und youst a leedle farder along, I vas reading
dem lines den,

Vere it says: "Und Daniel got hees back oop—
righdt oop against der vall;
Bud der lions don'd vas shkared—dey didn't
done notting at all;"
Und ven I read dot shapter dru, ve both vas a
goot deal puzzled,
Und I says, "Baitsy, now I see how t'vas, dem
lions must bin muzzled."

She dold me I vas lyin', dot vas not vot it
meant,
I said she vas anudder, und dot's youst der vay
it vent;
Und den she vas got awvul mad, und dold me
to my vace,
"I vish, py Shinks! dot Dan vas oudt, und you
vas een hees blace."

"Vell," I says, "I'm villings to shange mit
Daniel, let heem comb und leef mit you,
Und I'll go und shoomp een der lions' den, und
enshoy myself better'n I do!"
Bud vot een der dooce vould Daniel dink ov I
ashk heem to shange mit me?
He vould say, "Oh, no! I know Baitsy too vell—
I vould rudder shtay vere I be!"

She shoomped righdt gwick vor der broomshtick,
und vas goin' to gife me a douse;
Bud ven she turned 'roundt to shtruck me, she
vas all alone in der house;

Dot's der reason I comb to talk to you aboudt
der varm und homeshtead;
Dere moosht no vone trust Baitsy on my
aggount, she left my board und bedshtead.

Vone day she vanted soam vater, und dold me
to go oudt und pump it,
I dold her I vouldn't do it, und ov she didn't
like it she could lump it!
She shoked me oop against der vall, und shut
my vind pipe off;
I tell you I seen shtars dot time, und I dought
my head vas off.

Py krashus! she's liable to kill me mit vatefer
she gets her hands on,
Und I get mixed oop so I can't tell vich endt my
head shtands on.
She shtruck me vonce mit a cord-vood shtick,
righdt on der shpine ov my back;
I lefd der home, und vrom dot day till dees—
vor dree veeks—I didn't comb back.

I tell you, Meesder Lawyer, it beats all vot I've
endoored,
Besides der money I've baid oudt to keeb my
life enshoored.
Der more I dink ov dese dings, der less I vant
to, sir,
Und der more I dink of Baitsy, der less I dink
ov her.

Der foorsht time I aifer met her, I vas shtruck
mit her vinning vay;
Bud now a shange vas tooken blace—I get
shtruck in a deafferent vay.
Dot time ven ve got married, she vas a lass een
shkool,
Und I vas youst aboudt der same—alas! I vas
a vool.

She alvays used to shmile so nice venefer I
shanced to meet her,
I didn't dought she vould become sooch an orvul
oogly creetur;
Bud shoore I vas meesdaken, und I got beat like
der dooce—
Ov you could only hear her, you'd dink her jaw
vas loose.

Vone day she says, "Shut oop your mout; you're
blabbin' all der time!"
I says, "I vouldn't do it"—dot's der kind ov a
Dootchman *I* am!
Und den bevore I knew it, she took me by
soorbrise,
Und keecked me oudt der house, sir—righdt
bevore my vace und eyes!

I tell you vot it vas, sir, I velt a goot deal put
oudt,
To hafe my own belofed vife tell me to shut my
moudt;

Und because I dought I vouldn't, to keeck me
oudt der door,
Youst on aggount sooch aickshuns, dot's vy I
veel so sore.

I've yelled und shkolded at her until my droat
vas hoarse;
Bud dot naifer didn't do no goot—she's gettin'
vorse und vorse;
Und I've made oop my mind oudt, dot vas my
only course
To comb here und get your adwice—und also
a diworce.

I know it's hard to gife dot oop, und leeve alone;
bud shtill,
Ov she don'd vant to sebarate, I'll get soam
vone dot vill.
I know vell 'nuff dot Baitsy'll say dot I'm a
great big lummix;
Bud I don'd shvallow all she says—dot von't
shtay on my shtumix.

You talk 'boudt bein' henpecked, und ruled by
voman's tongue,
I tell you vot it is, sir, I'm vorse off den Prigham
Young.
So wrode oop dot baper, lawyer, und draw it
righdt avay,
Und I'll take it home to Baitsy, und see vot she
vill say.

Und den to-morrow morning I vill sell aifery-
ding I own,
Und bid Baitsy und our shild good-bye, und go
oudt een der vorld alone.
Und ven I dink ov Baitsy, a dousand milse
avay,
I'll baed she'll vant to hafe me comb righdt
back home und shtay.

But I naifer vill come back again, unless she's
tooken sick,
Ov she is you tailegraf me to comb back pooty
gwick.
Remaimper vot I tell you, und don'd keeb me
in soosbense;
Youst bay der tailegrafer, und sharge to my
oxbense.

Dot poots me een mind ov someding, dot I can't
dink ov now;
I can't remaimper vot I vorget—dot beats all,
ainyhow!
Oh! now I've got it—wrode it down, dot ven
I'm dead und gone,
Baitsy'll bring me back to her, und bury me
een der lawn.

Und on my tombstone, let it read, in ledders
large und blain:
"Here lies Shon Shtuffenheimer, und hees vife
she is to blame!"

Und I hope dot in a veek or two, righdt after I
hafe died,
Baitsy und I vill both ov us be laying side by
side.

Und ven Gabreel blows hees drumpet oop, und
all der dead shall rise,
Baitsey und I vill both shoomp oop, und vipe
our veeping eyes;
Und den ov it looks doubtful, ve'll shtand
righdt dere und vait,
Und ven no vone vas lookin', ve'll shkweeze
dru der Golden Gate.

DER DWENDY-VONE MAN.

I NAIFER coot got dru my hedt,
So long as I've lived in my life,
Vat's der reeson I vasn't got marriet
Und heetched myseluf ub mit a vife.
But after all, vinally, at last, I vound owd
Vy id vas dot it naifer coot be;
I vill dell you, of corus, vats der drubble;
But, oh! dot's a ruff schoke on me.

You see dem sdadisteakettle vellers
Vat gif an aggound of der census,
By grashus, so shure as you lif,
Dey shkart me all owd ov my senses.
Dey say dot all ofer der vorld,
No metter verefer dey've been,
Verefer you find dwendy vimmen,
Der vas *oxacdly dwendy-vone men!*

I vould like do bin marriet fooshdrate,
Und I've dried yoost so hart as I ken,
But dot's no use, py kosh, I ken't do it,
Becose I'm dot dwendy-vone man.
Dot's yoost vot's der reeson mit me,
Dot's der kindt ov a man I am,
But now I vas gedding so oldt,
I've got so I don'd care a —— shnap.

Dot's noting more und less as a loddery,
To dell der troot candit und frenk,
Und venefer dwendy vellars got marriet,
I vas got myseluf lefd on a blenk.
But I bet you dot soam ov dem vellars—
Und I say id ride strait to deir face—
Vould leeve a goot eel more heppier
Ov dey vas, py shinks, een my blace.

Venefer I valk ub der sdreet,
Led me go yoosht so fasht as I ken,
Und aifery person I heppen do meed
Says: "Dere gose der dwĕndy-vone man!"
Shiminy Kracky! Dot mekes me so med!
Vot een der dooce haf I done,
Dot I shall bin dreated like dot,
Und got shtook mit dot blamed dwendy-vone?

A DOKETOR'S DRUBBLES.

I YOUST to bin a doketor vonce,
Vot koored all kints of gases,
Und in my bragtis I have met
A goot mainy *deafferent* fases.

Vor dwendy milse round vere I leved,
De beeple vas gwite seekly;—
'Boud vonce a veek I galled arount,
Und zo I vound um *veekly*.

Soam vas sick mit vone decease,—
Und soam dey had anodder,
Und soam you vooden't doght vould leeve
Vrom one ent do de odder.

Bud pooty soon I vound dot oud
My bocket book vas dhry,
Und also my oxpensays
Vas running oval high.

So I vent out gollecting,
Bud aifery vere I vent,
My batients vas oxhorseted,—
Dey vas not wort a cendt.

Und I vent und seed vone men,
He vas briefing his lasht;
I doght de gwicker I got dot,
De sooner it vas kashed.

So I showed de men hees node,
  Und I dold heem do pay;
Hees dime vas shoost up,
  Dot vas hees lasht tay.

Hees hand vas in each bocked,
  Und dot's vy I doght so sdrange,
He died—und hees lasht vords vas:
  "I don'd veel ainy shange."

Und vone sed to me: "Doketor,
  Howefer can I bay?
You know dot I'm not aple—
  I'm *vailing* aifery tay."

Und anoder vellar dold me,
  "Shoost valk you ride avay;
You got dot oll vat's due you
  Ven gomes de shoodgement-tay."

I eshked vone men for hees sheck,
  Id vas youst pefore hees deadth ;
But I vound he hadn't no dime,
  He vas drawing hees lasht breadth.

Und I vound *dish wash* de drubble—
  Een my kase ainy vay—
De beeple vot I doketored
  Hedden't *cents* enoff to bay.

You'f hurt dot goot old sayink,
  Verein dot goot pook says—
I dinks id combs oud deeswise—
  "Soam rools ken vork bote vays."

Und so it ees mit de doketor
  Ov he eshkt a man to bay,
Und he tails him "I ken't do id,"
  Hees shoor to die dot day.

I vent beck to my offus,
  Veeling dired dru und dru;
Und togedder mit dese drubble
  I vash med und shleeby doo.

I lade down on de sofy,
  Und dried to haive a shnooze;
Bud een a doketor's offus
  Dot didn't vas no youse.

I hurt soam kolling "Doketor!"
  Und I run ub do my shbout,
Und dese vords vent his ears down:
  "*Vat's der metter mit your mout?*"

Und den dot vellar holleret,—
  Hees woice vas shdrong und glear,
Und dese vords vent de shbout oop,
"Dooce Dr. Scholtz leve hier?"

Und gwickly beck my an-swear
Dot shbout vas goin' droo:
"Dr. Scholtz, dot vas my name, sir,
Vot vood you hev me doo?"

"Now let me eshk you, doketor;
You shoore I'fe got dot righd?
Ish your name *Dr. Friederick Scholtz?*"
He yelt mit oll hees mighd.

I doght dot men vas crazy—
Oar meppy he vas dight.
I sed, "Yaas—'tvas Dr. Friederick Scholtz,
Vot you vant dees dime ov nighd?"

Und I vas zo oxtonished,
Bud de naixt dings vat I hear,
Ven dot vellar dold me, "Doketor,
How long hev you leefed hier?"

Und den I vos oxcited,
I felt youst like a row;
I sed, "I'fe leefed hier dwendy years—
Vot you vant ainyhow?"

Dot men he vas a villane,
Und dot's youst vot I kin broofe;
He singed oud to me lowdly,
"Vot's der reason you don'd moofe?"

I run down dru der shdairvay,
Und oud into der shdreed,
Bud I only hurt der bavemends
Klattering fashd agenshd hees feed.

I reely dink sooch ekshuns
Shoot not be oferlooked;
Of I kood kaitch dot vellar,
Py cosh, hees coose vas kooked!

Now I vood say do der doketors,
Youst pefore id vas doo late,
Don'd naifer lose your batients,
Und you'll suckseed fooshtrate.

No metter vot's der reason,
You naifer shood get wexed;
You may lose your bay in dees vorldt,
Bud you'll get id in der next.

BARRABIE FRIETCHKIE.

DOT vas early von mornin', youst ven day dime broke oud,
Ven dese dings vas happened vot I dold you aboud.

Der Hevenly sbires by Friederick shtandt,
Green-valled by der heels von Marylandt.

Orchards und vruit drees vas growing all roundt.
Und peach jooce und apple sass cofered der groundt.

Dem green vields und bastures looked foorsh-drate all ofer,
Und der sheeps und der kattles vas shuck vull mit clofer.

All roundt dot blaces dere vas a pig crop—
Potatoses und sooch dings vas lookin' teep top.

Der rebels vould like to had some of dot ration—
For shoore dey vas youst aboudt dead mit shtarvation.

Dey vas hoorying along youst so fast as dey coot,
All valking on hoss pack und riding on foot.

Ofer der heels und vinding down,
Dey youst vas comin' by Friederick town.

Der bonnie blue flag mit der single shtars
Vas flopping der breezes aiferyvares.

Ven ub der sdreet combs der rebel treadt,
Mit Shdonevall Yackson coming righd aheadt.

Und so gwick ven he looked von dot oldt
slouch hat,
He rised up hees handt und he looked youst
like dat.

Barrabie Vrietchkie vas lookin a window down
Mit her night cap on und an olt night gown.

Und vat do you dink, by shiminy cripse!
She vas vaving dot flag von der stars und
stripes.

Und ven she looked von dot vindow drough,
She sayed, "Shdonevall Yackson! look a leedle
out vat you do."

"Halt!" he sayed—und dem ranks stoock fast.
"Fire!" Oudt plazed der rifles' plast.

It busted der vindow-panes und sashes,
Und rented dot flag mit seams und gashes.

Und ven dey saw all ov dot vindow glass spilt,
Aifery vone doght shoore dot oldt vomans vas
kilt.

But no! Ven dot flag proke down vrom dot
shtick,
Oldt Barrabie shnatched it oop righd avay
gwick!

She sdretched eenside oud ov dot vindow-sill,
Und vaved dot flag, py shinks, to kill!

"Shoot! ov you moost, dot oldt bald hade,
Bud don'd tooch dot flag," der oldt voman said.

A veeling ov sadness und blushes ov shame
On der faces ov dot leader vas ofercame.

He looked in dot vindow und sayed, "Py Scott!
I never vas seen sooch a voman like dot!

"Who touches a hade von dot bald hair,
Kill him dade on der shpot! Now shoot ov you dare!"

All day long, by der drum's dead beat,
Dey vas marching dot nickel-shtone bavement,
shdreet.

Und ofer der hades ov dem rebels der whole
day dru,
Vaved der flag ov der ret, und der vite, plack
und plue.

Shdonevall Yackson has fought hees last fight;
Poorhaps he vas vrong, und poorhaps he vas
right.

Dot makes nottings deafferent, votefer you say,
I baed you he vas all right on der shoodgement tay.

Barrabie's gone to dot same blace mit Shdonevall Yack,
Vrom veech no leefing person aifer vound der vay pack.

Und dot shplainded oldt voman now shleeps dot last shleep
In veech all der shleeping aiferlastingly shleep.

But she vill vake oop in der shveet by-und-by,
Und be tooken right avay oop to der mansions on high.

Und, my vriends, ov you're safed in dot lasht great tay—
Ov course dot's very doubtful, but I hope you all may—

Ov you do reach dot land ov der good und der dru,
You'll see Barrabie Frietchkie und Shdonevall too!

DER BUMMER.

WHO is dot sets in dot saloon,
Und vills oop vull dot oldt spittoon
Vrom all day long till naixt day noon?
Der bummer.

Who goes een und calls vor viskey sdrait,
Den drinks too much to navigate,
Und says "Youst mark dot on der shlate?"
Der bummer.

Who alvays sets in dot same seat,
Und vaits vor somevone else to treat—
Hees nose looks like some oldt dead peat?
Der bummer.

Who gets hees drinks und naifer pays,
Und steals some times to make a raise,
Den lays een shail vor seexty days?
Der bummer.

Who is dot men mit a big red nose,
Und hees pants all comin' dru hees clothes,
Und hees boots all shtickin' dru hees toes?
Der bummer.

Who is dot vellar you often vind,
Says he can shtop ven he's a mind,
Und den you see him (hic) shtavin' blind?
Der bummer.

Who gets kicked outside aifery nighdt;
Und ven he bicks himself uprighdt,
Hees legs don'd valk oxactly righdt?
Der bummer.

Whose breath shmells ven he talks mit you,
Und you say, "Shtand back a leedle, do!"
Dot's vorse as Limburg cheese—phew!
Der bummer.

Who goes home late, unlocks der door,
Und valks so shtill across der vloor,
Und laffs ven he hears der oldt voman shnore?
Der bummer.

Who has some orful bad headaches;
Und een der nighdt-time ven he vakes,
He sees his boots all vull mit shnakes?
Der bummer.

Who drinks vrom oudt dot pizen bowl,
Und loses all hees self-control,
Und den at lasht vill lose hees soul?
Der bummer.

Who's der vorst man you aifer met;
Und ven he dies vill hafe to shweat,
Vor he'll hafe a red hot time, *you bet?*
Der bummer.

DER SOOFERING GRESSHOBBERS.

Gomposed vor und readt at a recebtion gifen to Sheneral Krouse, at a Ladies' Aidt Sewsiety, vor der brevention ov gruelty to der gresshobbing sooferers.

Dose varmers vas hebby,
Und der veemens vas gled,
As dey dinked ov der parnvulls
Ov krain vot dey had.

Und dey pringed out der valnuds,
Und obened der seck,
Und dey vould sed dere und ead
Vile der vire vould kreck.

Whosoefer vould dought
Een a fery vew tays
Dem varmers vould loose
All der dings vot dey raise?

Bud der gresshobbers hed
A sourbrise barty dere,
Und dey combed vrom der koondry
Around aifery vere.

Bud dot sourbrise barty,
Dot vas a dade peat,
Becose dey don'd pring mit dem
Ennydings to eat.

Dey dought dey vood eadt
Vot der napers broad een;
Bud, bedween you und I,
Now dot vas too tin.

'Boudt dwoo, dree months beck,
Brabs dot vas vive,
I could dold youst oxactly
By eshking my vife.

An oldt andt ov mine
Vat leefes oudt een Nepraskiew,
She wrode me a ledder,
Und says I vould eshk you:

"Remaimper your andt, Fritz:
Be so kindt, ov you blease,
To send me somedings to eadt,
Ov you don'd I vould vreeze.

"I've hed nottings to eadt
Seence vay beck in Shoon;
Ov you don'd send me glothing
I vill *dye* pooty soon.

"Ov you don'd b'leve dot or not—
Der lesht line vot I wrode—
'Boudt dwendy pig gresshobbers
Vent down mine droad!

"You eshk vot's der reason
Oudt here mit der vokes?
Oh! Fritz, vot I dold you
Dot don'd vas a hokes.

"Gresshobbers, Gresshobbers,
Oh! vot a kroudt;
Und ven dey vlied down
Dot vas youst like a kloudt.

"Der foorsht tay dey combed,
Dot vas een der nighd—
Bud nopody nose dot,
So dot vas all righd.

"Bud der fery nexdt tay
Der Haifens vas kreen,
Und sooch heartrendting sites
You naifer vas seen."

I wrode righd beck
Und sed to my andt,
"I vouldn't helb you
Ov I kood—bud I can't."

Vor dese reason dey sendt
  Sheneral Krouse here;
Bud he sbendt der mosht
  Ov hees *dimes* trinkin' peer.

Der Sewsiety abbointed
  A gommiddee ov dwo
To receive Sheneral Krouse,
  Und vait on heem, doo.

So Doctor Murray und me—
  Youst on dot aggoundt—
Vas poot on der gommiddee
  To 'schkort der Sheneral 'roundt.

Dey vouldn't bay a lifery pill,
  (Dot vould bin youst a drifle),
So ve dhree hed to "*foodt it*,"
  Dot vas mean as der tuyfel.

Ve dreated heem vell
  Verefer he vendt;
Ve valked oop der reefer,
  Und called to see Zendt.

Der reefer dot vent down
  So nice und so plue,
Und soam ov Zendt's lager
  Vent down so nice, doo.

Und ven ve lefdt Zendt's
I vas veeling foorshdrate;
(Doketor Krouse und Sheneral Murray
Dey couldn't valk shtrate.)

Der Sheneral vas dooked
Mit a bain in hees side;
Und he sed: "Oh, ov some mans
Vould gif us a ride!"

Und aifery dings vent
Mit his headt speening roundt,
Und he can't dell veech endt ov me
Stands on der groundt.

Der Doketor laid down,
Und dere he remained;
Und I dold heem, "Now, Doketor,
Don'd you vas ashamed?"

Uud all vot he sed vas
He obened hees mout,
Und a keg ov Zendt's peer
Dot vent "*oop der shbout!*"

Und der Sheneral sed, "Murray,
You vas a poor dool,
Laying dere een der road
So dight like a vool!"

Und der Doketor sed, "Sheneral,
Dot may be all right;
Bud dot vasn't *my* trinkin'
Vot made *you* so dight."

Und ub combs a boliceman
To find somedings oudt;
Und he dold me, "You dree
Vas a seek lookin' kroudt."

Und ven I heard dot,
Dot raised ub mine sponk;
I sed, "Vot kindt of pizness
You vas to dot drunk?

"Sooch chin moosick like dot
Vas an insult to me;
Dere lays Sheneral Krouse—
He vas bossing dot sbree!"

Bud I moost shtop right here,
Und say not a vord more,
Vor I oxbects aifery minit
Mine vrow droo der door.

On dot foorsht cry vor helup
'I vas eshked my adwice;
Und I sed der whole dings
Vas a pig pack o' flies.

Bud I vas shoorely misdaken—
Dey've got der gresshobbers bad,
Und poorhaps by dees dime
Soam haf gone "hopping" mad.

Und to go to der Vest
Dot vas now my indent,
Und aggom-penny dem goots
Vot der Sewsiety half-cent.

Eef I dought I got shkalbed
By soam s(u)nuff-a-gun,
I shall foot myself beck
By an ofer land *run.*

Now ov a pig Inshun
Should get on my treck,
I can't say vor shoore
Ov I aifer comb beck.

Und ven I should send you
A punch ov my hair,
Don'd gif my vrow ainy—
She has pulled oudt her share.

Bud sh'pose I get shkalped,
Don'd der Pible declare
Dere von't be ainy more
Parting oop dere.

DOT HEADHEN SCHINEE.

ICH I vish to arise
Und my langwich oxblain,
Dot vor vays I deshpise,
Und vor dricks youst der same,
Dot headhen Schinee ish der devul,
Yaas, dot's so, he's der chap vots to blame.

Ah Sin vas hees name,
Und I saw by hees eye
He vas schuck vull ov game;
Dot's between you und I.
But I dought, ven I looked him all over,
Dot we had a soft ting me und Nye.

'Tvas der fust dey ov April,
Dot same day wherein
A great meny people
Dey get daken in;
But shdill, afder all, ad der same time,
Dot vas not der case mit Ah Sin.

Der game vas euchre, bad luck,
'Tvas broposed by Bill Nye,
Which der same we got shtuck,
Dot ish, Bill und I,
Vor Ah Sin didn't vas a dem phool,
You could see by der skwint ov hees eye.

Nye he shtocked der cards,
Mit der greatest ov ease,
Und in hees discards
He shoved some up hees shleeves,
Und likewise mit me vas der case,
Which der same vas to beat dot Schinese.

But not a game did we beat,
Und we blayed full a shcore,
Nor I vouldn't repeat
Der oadhs vat Nye shwore,
Ven vinally dot Schinamen shneezed,
Und he dropped dree vull packs on der vloor.

Den Nye shtared at me
Und I looked at Nye,
Und dere set dot Schinee
Mit a grin on hees eye;
Which he eats rats, und vorks vor low wages,
Und Bill shumped vor dot cheatin Shang Hi.

Which I vill not describe,
Dot vould make your heart sick,
So I youst shtepped outside,
You can bet, pooty gwick,
While Bill broke dot headhen Schinee
Into bieces about an inch dhick.

Which you'd hardly believe,
Ven we shwept ub dot muss,

Youst ten packs in each shleeve
  Ov dot late Schinese cuss,
Und der ends ov hees fingers vas waxed,
  Dot's how he waxed Bill und I, both ov us.

Which I vish to arise,
  Und my langwich maintain,
Dot vor vays I deshpise,
  Und vor dricks youst der same,
Dot cheatin Schinee ish der devul,
  Which myself I can hardly contain.

DOT OLDT SETTING HEN.

I'VE hed lots ov drubbles und drials een life,
Ov you don'd believe it, ask Katrina, my vife.
Ve vorked on a farm in eighteen sixty-two,
Und I tell you ve vorked like sixty, too.

Bud ve didn't vas makin' money pooty fasht,
So ve dought der ding ofer, und vinally, at lasht,
Ve made ub our minds to raise boultry und shickens;
Bud dem boultry vas all der times raising der dickens.

I remaimper an oldt hen vot vanted to set—
She vas der vorst oldt hen shickens I aifer vas met—
'Tvas vone day in der soomer, und Katrina says "Fritz,
Poot soam aigs in der nesht vere dot oldt hen sits."

"Vell," I says, "ov she'll only behafe und set shtill,
I dink poorhaps—mebbe—I guess I vill."
So I poot me some aigs een my oldt shtraw hat,
Und I vent to der parn to see vot she vas at.

Ub dere een der mow I see someding beekin oudt,

Und dere vas der oldt hen mit her head shteekin' oudt.
I says, "Look here, oldt gal, you goin' to leef dese aigs rotting,
Vile you vas ub dere sitting shtill, doin' notting?"

"Vell," I said, "I guess not; now you can youst bet on it:
I brought dees hat vull ov aigs, und you've got to set on it.
I vant you to hatch dem oudt oop dere een dot nesht,
Und don'd you scratch dem oudt ov you know vot is besht!"

Vell, I vas een a hoory, und hadn't mooch time to sbend,
So I got an oldt barrel, und shtood me ub on its end;
Und youst aboudt der time ven I raised ub my head,
Dot oldt hen bicked me vonce, und I dought I vas dead.

She vas goin' to take her bick ov der aigs, I subpose,
Bud she made a meesdake und bicked oudt my nose.
I says: "You oldt vool, I don'd vant my vace scratched;

Keeb your nose oudt ov my beezness, or you vill
be snatched."

Und before dot oldt hen knowed vot I vas aboudt,
She flew at me, und I dought shoore my eyes vas
scratched oudt;
I dodged so der oldt hen vouldn't know vere I
am,
Und dot barrel head busted und I vent in
ker-shlam.

Vell, I vas shtuck—dot's der kind of a feex I
vas een,
Mit my coat und west bushed vay ub under my
cheen,
Und I vas cofered all ofer mit dirt, blood und
aigs—
I could veel der blamed shtuff running all down
my l-limbs.

I tried to skweeze oudt, bud it didn't do no good:
Den I hollered "Katrina!" so loud as I could.
She comb right avay oudt, but she act like a
goose.
Und layed dere on de hay und laffed like der
dooce.

I said, "Say, Katrina, vot you vas aboudt,
Comb righd avay here und turn dees barrel
eenside oudt.

You vas got me so mad, don'd you hear me, now—say—
Vot you lay dere und laff, like a oldt vool, eh?"

She vinked at me und sayed, "Oh, give us a rest!
You better vipe off your cheen oop, und pull down your vest;
I guess I've got a right to lay here und laff;
You're altogedder too *fast*, you great big calf.

"I vas villings to comb und pull yourself oudt;
Bud I von't moof a shtep till you shut oop your mout."
Und she told me, "Now, Fritz, ov you bick oop a gwarrel,
I'll shoomp right avay oop und poot a head on dot barrel."

Vell, vot could I do ven she talk me dot vay?
Ov coorse I vas shtuck, und didn't know vot to say;
Und youst on aggount ov der vay she vas behavin',
I vas got myself mad—oh, my Gosh! I vas shtavin'!

Dere I vas een dot barrel, vay oop to my cheen—
Oh! dot's no use talkin', I vas badly tooken een;
Und ven she looked at my vace, und saw my nose pooty red,
She knowed right avay dot I meant vot I said.

So she says, "I von't let you shtick to it all day."
"Vell," I says, "now dot's beezness, pull me oudt
right avay."
So she layed us both down right on der parn
vloor,
Und she pulled on der barrel vile I hung to der
door.

Bud der virst pull she made, den I gommenced
to yell:
"Py golly! shtop Katrina, dere's nails in dot
barrel!"
Ven I vent een der nails vent down, youst on dot
aggount—
Bud ven I shtarted oudt dey shtuck een me all
der vay 'roundt.

"Vell," I says, "Katrina, der best thing to do
Vas to get nabor Hansman—und bring a saw,
too."
Und I says, "Hoory up; don'd be shlack,
Or I'll be a dead Dootchman before you comb
back."

So ven he combed ofer, he eshked vot t'vas
aboudt.
I says, "I'm een a dight place, und vant you to
helb me oudt."
Und ven he seen how I vas he begun to "Haw!
haw!"

Und he sed, "Sooch a barrelfool I naifer vas saw."

Bud he rolled me ofer, along on der groundt,
Und he sawed me dot barrel off all der vay 'roundt;
Den I velt a goot deal petter, und I sed to my vife;
"Dot's der virst time I vas aifer *cut out* een my life."

Und ven I got oop, sooch a yell dot dey raised:
Dere vas dot half-barrel shtickin' vast 'roundt my vaist.
Und Katrina says, "Fred, shtand shtill—don'd moof on—
I vant a pattern ov dot new hoopskirt you've got on."

I pulled oudt my shacknife, und dey laffed like der dooce,
Vile I vittled der hoops off und broke myself loose;
Und vot you dink, ven I combed een der house?
I vound dot my coadt tail vas nix-coom-a-rouse.

So I sed to Katrina: "I've made oop my mindt
Dot somedings vas vrong—youst look vonce behindt;"
Und comb to vind oudt, dot big Dootch mule,
He sawed off my coadt tail, der blamed oldt vool!

Vell to make it shtill vorse, der fery naixt tay
Katrina comb to me und says to me, "Say,
I've been dinkin' a goot deal 'boudt dot oldt hen, Fredt—
Poorhaps by dees dime she is villings to set."

I says, "I don'd care ov she's villings or not—
She can go to—Halifax—you unnershtand dot?"
"Vell," Katrina says, "Fredt, you talk pooty ruff."
I says, "Don'd shpeak a vord; I've bin hen-pecked enuff."

Vell, to make a short shtory long, I alvays look oudt,
Und be shoore all der dime I know vot I'm aboudt;
Und ven I shtand on a barrel to reach oop on der shelfs,
I naifer shtand on it—I use someding else.

You take dese oldt hens mit dere "Kluck, kluck, kluck!"
Und I tell you, my vriends, dey've got lots of pluck.
I let dem hafe dere own vay, seence I got jammed oop,
Und now ven dey von't set, vy, I let dem shtand oop.

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